

OCTOBER

1924

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VOL. XLIV

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NO. I

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# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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TWO TO BE APPOINTED IN NOVEMBER

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LET'S GO.

The school year is ahead of us. There are tasks waiting to be done. There is hard work and plenty of it. It's a long grind. *But it can't be shirked.* To stay in this school we *must* do what the school requires us to do. It isn't an easy task by any means, but it's a task that weeds out the chaff and leaves only the grain. That's why, every year, Latin School has a better record in the number and quality of the boys admitted to Harvard College than any other school in the country. The fellows that graduate may well feel proud of their diplomas. They have earned them; yes, worked as hard for them as if they were handling a pickaxe.

There are a few things that we are reminded of every year that are most important.

"Don't put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day, for by the street of By-and-By we reach only the House of Never." Make your motto, "Do It Now!"

Honesty is the best policy! Nuff sed!

All things come to him who waits and *works while he waits*, for only by hard work can we attain our end; and that end, in most cases, consists of two parts. The

first, and that which seems most important, is to graduate and receive the hard earned diploma, but after all the excitement and noise of the departing class is over, the graduate begins to think of the future, and that is the second division of the end we all strive to reach. *What does the future hold in store for you?* Will you pass the college board exams, or will you be left by the roadside, an onlooker? There is only one way to know, and that's to forget all about it and *work*. Don't work only the last few months or weeks as feverishly as a prisoner trying to escape; for that's just what you will be, a prisoner with another year added to your sentence. Work all the time and then some. Are you ready? Set? Then go!

#### “THE REGISTER”

This is the first number of the *Register* this year. After you have read this number you will probably talk to someone about it. There will be very many of you that will immediately criticize this or that part of the issue and some that will condemn it as a whole.

Did you ever stop to think of what you are doing when you criticize the *Register*? You do not realize that the *Register* is *your* paper. You do not realize that you are publishing the *Register*. When you read this last sentence you perhaps will say indignantly, “We have nothing whatsoever to do with the *Register*. The staff collects our subscription money, and then, it follows that *THEY* publish the *Register*.”

In those few words you unwittingly sum up the situation. Most of you have an idea that after subscribing your job is finished—but, in reality, it has just begun.

If the *Register* were printed without any cover design, without any cartoons, any department headings, etc., and was all print for thirty pages, the seventy-five cents which each of you give as a subscription would be enough to pay for six or possibly seven issues of it. However, you would not like that kind of a paper. For this reason there are department heads, cartoons, etc., to brighten up the paper, to make it interesting for you to read.

However, department heads and cartoons bring engravers' bills, so that after five issues have been printed all the subscription money is gone. The rest of the money we must get from advertisements.

The advertising question is a big thing to handle. People will not advertise in the *Register* unless they get some return for it.

If we do not patronize our advertisers they do not advertise again. For identically the same article, it is better for us to pay a few cents more to one of the advertisers in the *Register* than to patronize a non-advertiser, because in the first instance we get the article plus an improved *Register*, while in the other case we save two or three cents on the article but in the end lose our school paper. Usually there is no difference in the prices of the advertiser and the non-advertiser, and the trouble is, that in this respect, the Latin School student *does not think*.

If you want more jokes in the *Register*, more cartoons, or more stories, write out your opinion and pass it in to the *Register*. Then go out and get an “ad” for the *Register* which will supply the money to print the extra jokes, stories, etc., or what is just as good, PATRONIZE YOUR ADVERTISERS, for the advertisers in your paper are YOUR advertisers.

Therefore, to make the *Register* for this coming year BIGGER, BETTER, and MORE SUCCESSFUL than ever, let us use as our slogan: PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

## Full Speed Backwards

Marcus Jones paced the floor of his office in an agitated manner, stopping now and then to gaze out of the window, which faced the street and commanded a view of the highway as far as its terminus, the square, a half mile away. The roar and clatter of the passing traffic below blended with and seemed a reflection of his present mental turmoil. Naturally a quiet, unimpassionable man, Marcus Jones was seldom affected by events, either good or bad, and the present condition of affairs must therefore have been extremely unusual to have so upset the mental equilibrium of "Indian Mark," as he was known to his associates.

Seated in a chair in an obscure corner of the little office, his pale, timid features mingling with the shadows, and having all the appearance of a diminutive ghost seeking to hide from the light, was Willet Meagher, the lesser and extremely silent partner of Mr. Jones. "Will" Meagher's sole attributes, if thus they might be called, were the ability to uncover secrets and his utter lack of conscience in any form. These valuable characteristics, however, were often offset by his one and many times disastrous weakness, namely his inability to do the right thing at the proper time. From this we may well conjecture that the cause of Mr. Jones' agitation was another unfortunate move by his partner. Mr. Jones rather prided himself on his self-control, and the fact that he had shown any emotion at Meagher's latest blunder made him more enraged than ever. Turning his gaze from the window to the cowering Meagher, he addressed him with mingled wrath and sarcasm.

"So you 'thought Mr. Casey might be a prospective customer' and gave him our address! Why, man, J. J. Casey,

otherwise known as 'Angel-Face,' is the head detective of Casey & Casey and has been looking for our office for the past six months! It's all up now, as far as keeping the address a secret and getting away with fooling the suckers is concerned. If you didn't own part of this business I'd have thrown you out long ago. Talk about dumb, you're the superlative degree all right!" All this while the individual under fire remained crouching in the corner, his silence proving the truth of his partner's last statement, at least in one sense of the word.

As soon as "Indian Mark" had concluded his tirade, Will suggested meekly that since what had been done could not be changed, they should find some way of escape before the impending arrival of one J. J. Casey and companions. By this time Mr. Jones' wrath had partly subsided and his firm-jawed visage bore more of a resemblance to his more primitive, but not less savage, namesake.

While the two partners are discussing a possible means of escape from the clutches of the law, let us trace briefly the careers of these peerless "business men."

Marcus Jones, the more able and skillful of the firm of Jones & Meagher, from a bar-tender, pool-room owner, and professional gambler had arrived by easy stages to the possession of much knowledge of human nature and a firm belief in Barnum's most famous saying. Meagher, whose chief attributes have been discussed before, had also been a gambler, and in an extremely lucky hour had amassed quite a fortune which he had had, for once, the good sense to retain. Meeting Mr. Jones one day, he was convinced by the form-

er's arguments and outline for a quick profit without personal risk, and invested a good deal of his money in the firm now known as Jones & Meagher. The firm's place of business, as Mr. Meagher had confidentially told Casey, was 13 Wide Street, in the Bowery section of New York City. The name "Wide" was in no way intended for a descriptive adjective at the present time, although at the time the street was named it might have seemed so to the residents of Broad Street, its only rival at that date. No. 13 Wide Street, however, as the location of Jones & Meagher, was unknown to all except the firm, and now, to Mr. Casey. The general public, or those of that number desirous of "getting rich quick," communicated with the firm through the medium of Box X-723, Bowery P. O., New York City. The non-fulfilment of Jones & Meagher's glowing promises had made the partners a much sought after pair, and at the time of this story the firm was in danger of being visited by unwelcome guests.

Preparations were made for a quick departure while Jones called up a garage and hired an auto to be driven to the office and left there by the driver after

a deposit had been paid on it. This done, and their money and valuables safely stowed away on their persons, the partners crept out through a back entrance, after having securely locked the office door so as to delay the police as long as possible.

Making their way down an alley to the street where the car was parked they met the driver; money was passed, and the driver soon disappeared around a corner.

They peered up the road. No one was in sight. The partners then dashed into the car, with Meagher in the driver's seat and Jones beside him. Will had hardly started the engine when Jones, on looking back, cried, "Here come the cops! Step on it, Will!" Without thinking, Meagher grabbed the gear-shift and yanked it toward his right knee, let in the clutch and stepped on it, backwards! Before he could stop it, in his confusion, the car had backed into the waiting arms of the police. He had forgotten that this car was a Dodge, in which reverse is the same as first speed in a standard shift auto. Will Meagher has now lost one of his chief attributes, namely, the inability to do the right thing at the right time. —C. C. Corey '25

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## Take Notice That:

There are two places to be filled on this year's Staff: those of the Class III editors. These will be appointed in November, and those who have contributed to the *Register* will be given preference when the selection is made. So send in your stories, poems, and essays, O ye ambitious Sophomores!

Announcement is made of a Story Contest, and a Cartoon Contest, this year. Both contests are open to all students who are not members of the Staff. All material will receive careful consideration and all eligible stories and cartoons will be so labeled and published (if they have merit.)

## Man's Discovery of God

He saw the sun the heav'ns ascend,  
 And sunlight then night's darkness rend,  
 And bowed he down before its rays,  
 And lifted up his voice in praise.

But, lo! the sun upon his sight  
 Did sink as it gave way to night,  
 And from the darken'd sky o'er head,  
 The mellow moon its soft light shed.

Then thought he, "This is God, for look,  
 The moon's rays e'en the sun can't  
 brook,  
 Yon orb I'll worship, for 'tis this  
 Created worlds and mortal bliss."

Then myriads of planets small  
 (Stars, people on this earth them call)  
 Did with the great moon vie to light  
 The sky on that eventful night.

And as drew near the morning hour,  
 The moon, as wilts and dies a flow'r,  
 Did fade and let, all light supply,  
 The stars still reigning in the sky.

In turn, as nearer drew the day,  
 The stars did to the sun give way,  
 And thus, once more that planet bright,  
 Did half the earth and heavens light.

Now thought he, "None of these alone  
 Doth hold for aye the heav'nly throne,  
 But each doth have its special time,  
 When in the sky it reigns sublime.

"Therefore a just God there must be,  
 By whom the sun, moon, stars and we  
 Are all controlled both night and day,  
 And 'tis to Him that I must pray."

—*Isaiah J. Domas, '26*

## Dead Man's Groan

Tucked away among the mountains of Tennessee lies the town of Harland. Once a little village of a dozen houses, now it has become a town of no mean size. Above it are the mines; and within its limits the mills and factories run noisily and merrily. Near one of the ends of the town, on quiet Ash Street, was a house, the centre of our story. It was not a pretentious mansion, nor was it a humble log cabin. It was the kind of house that was built by the more prosperous class of settlers, years ago. It was made of wood, two stories in height, with gabled roof, few windows, and a door to which led from the street a path about a rod long. All the windows were covered by great shutters, the paint was scraped and faded, and the general appearance of the house was old and weather-beaten. Although it appeared to be untenanted, to the careful observer there was visible a thin cloud of smoke issuing from the crumbling chimney.

In the days of the settlers there had been a quarrel about the land upon which the house stood. Two men, whose names we shall not reveal, had claimed the ground, and their bitter enmity brought about a lawsuit. Neither of the claimants had any decisive evidence on his side, but each believed his own claim was lawful. The loser of the suit became the bitter enemy of his rival, who built a house on his new land and moved thereto with his son and daughter. After the death of the owner, his son took over the house. The son of his enemy gained entrance to the place and publicly insulted the new proprietor. Pistols were drawn, and the men separated to take their distances. But the jealous invader wheeled around before his enemy had reached his position, and foully shot him in the back. The

assassin fled and never returned to Harland. The sister of the murdered man married soon afterward and left the unlucky house.

Thus we have the history. But one thing more remains to be told. After the murder, some townspeople passed the house and heard within it groans and shrieks. They rushed in, only to find the place empty. When they told of this happening, their friends laughed at them. But the fear persisted, and from that time on the house was called "Dead Man's Groan." At the time of our story it was the property of a man named Breck, who was indirectly descended from the sister of the murdered man. Tenants were not forthcoming, and he would not pay to destroy the house; so it stood grimly in its place.

As I have said before, smoke was very often seen pouring from the chimney. The police were watching the building under the orders of their young and corpulent chief, Aloysius Sampson, who had his own ideas about this smoke. He confided his views to Art Loft, his favorite detective as follows:—

"Artie, you take it from me, that haunted house business is all a bluff. I'm thinkin' that somebody there is trying to scare the folks away; and I really believe there's counterfeitin' goin' on in that place. Now, it's up to you to find out if there is or not. Artie, I'm trustin' you. Go to it!"

The fearless young detective did "go to it" that very night. He visited the house all alone, so that the minds of its inhabitants would remain unsuspecting. The next morning Loft was found on the roadside near the "haunted house", stone dead!

Despite the fact that the police searched the town from corner to corner, there were found no traces of the mur-

derer. Now Sampson was sure that the counterfeiters would resort to any means, even murder, in order to remain unmolested by the authorities. He asked for volunteers to clean out "Dead Man's Groan"; but seeing this horrible result of such an effort, none dared to think of going there. Ash Street became a place of terror, and its residents began to move away.

Then to Sampson in his trouble came old Pete McCorbett. In his youth he had been the greatest detective on the force, and now he yearned to set his marvellous brain in opposition to that of the mysterious inhabitant of Ash Street's horror. He took with him that night a trusted friend, who was to see that all would go well outside the house.

The two men watched the building from across the street, and at the stroke of midnight they saw smoke curling from its chimney. Then McCorbett nimbly sprang through a window of the house. His comrade waited. The old detective did not return. The man stood in his position patiently. Then, as dawn broke over the mine on the mountain, the companion, greatly worried, rushed through the door and found McCorbett sprawled out on a chair—dead! A great hole was pierced through his heart, but to the man's horror, there was not one drop of blood in the wound nor on the floor! The chair was also bloodless!

Thus was the mystery of the deserted Ash Street closed for a while. The people went back to their work, the mines were operating with ceaseless activity, the factory whistles blew noisily, and the sun showed forth his kindly face and blessed the world with his warm light.

But Sampson did not rest. Here were strange goings-on, right under his nose and yet he could not stop them.

He offered \$3,000 to any man who could apprehend the terrible criminal, but none were eager for the reward.

There was, however, a young factory-worker, Jimmy Danton by name, to whom the offer was of some interest. Jimmy was engaged to a young lady named Grace Rand, but the wedding had to be postponed until Danton's financial standing should be improved. This amount of \$3,000 would set him on his feet and cause the wedding-bells to ring out, thought Danton. He was a young man of common-sense, and he was sure that this was not the work of ghosts, for there could be no such things. Miss Rand was with difficulty won over to his way of thinking, but Jimmy finally persuaded her to agree with him and presented himself to the Chief of Police.

"I'd like to get that three thousand," said he, "I'm ready to fix that house on Ash Street, and I'll fix it good!"

Sampson deemed it fit to warn him. "Two men have died on this job; you're risking your life," he said.

But Jimmy persisted obstinately and gained the chief's consent. He then began to make his preparations. He armed himself with an automatic revolver and a hunting-knife, and stowed in his pockets various tools which he thought might be useful. He then gained the assistance of several of his fellow-workers. He gave each of them a revolver, and that afternoon (for he believed it best to work in daylight) he stationed each one at a window on the ground floor, with instructions to fire upon the appearance of anything suspicious. Then he boldly entered through the door.

Each man waited patiently, looking through his window, but they saw nothing. Suddenly they all heard a shriek and a groan—nothing more.

None of them came home that night. The next morning the police rushed down to Ash Street. There their astonished eyes opened wide, and their feet stopped involuntarily before the house of mystery. Seven men, one before each window, lay dead upon the ground! Not a scar or trace of murder was seen upon one of them. Then, as the horror-stricken police still gazed dumbfoundedly, the house slowly crumpled, and with

a mighty crash fell in rotted dust at their feet. In the midst of the ruins was seen a body. Two men awoke from their stupor long enough to pull it out. It was Jimmy Danton—dead. \* The curse was now lifted from that fatal spot. But the strange mystery that surrounds the tale of "Dead Man's Groan" was never cleared.

—L. H. Seiff, '25

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## Alumni Notes

Among those who have gained "highest distinction" in their studies at Harvard College for the past year are Eliot M. Bailen '22, Norman W. Schur '23, and Sumner W. Elton '23. The last named has gained distinction on last year's Freshman track team, and none will forget Norman Schur, whose marks at the Harvard entrance examinations were the highest that anyone has ever yet received.

\* \* \*

Congratulations are due to Joseph Schneider '20 on his passing of the recent examinations for the Massachusetts Bar.

At the last meeting of the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Judge Robert Grant, '69, presided. Among those elected to the society was Myron S. Silbert, '20.

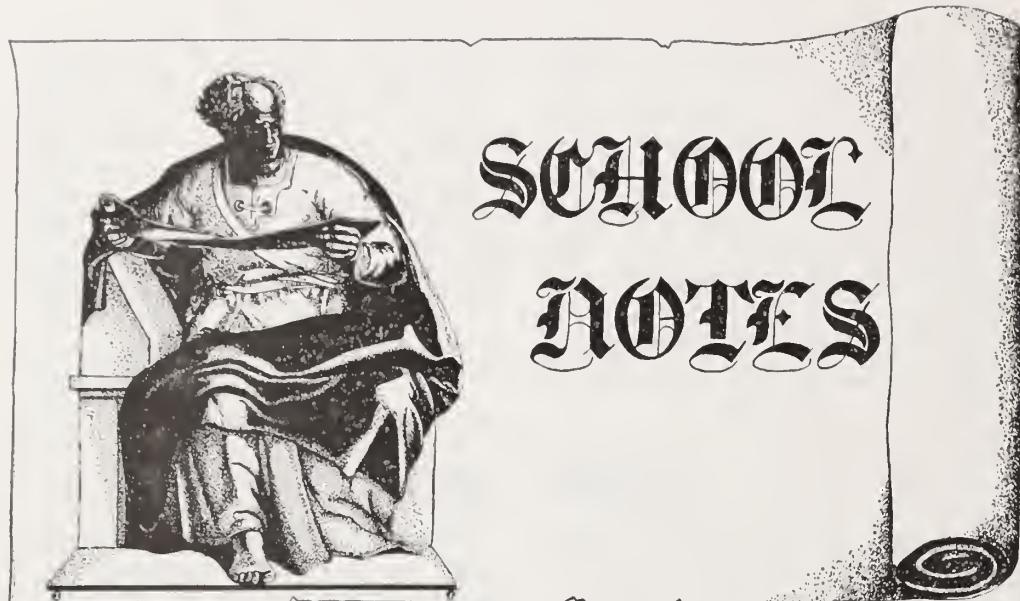
\* \* \*

Edward Robinson, '75, has received the honorary degree of Litt. D. from Princeton University.

\* \* \*

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Fanny D. Bergen, the widow of the late Joseph Y. Bergen, who was formerly a master of this school and a well-known writer of textbooks.

Byron Groce, Litt. D., former master of Boston Latin School, died Oct. 8, after a protracted illness. He was graduated from Tufts College in 1867 and became principal of several high schools in Mass. Mr. Groce then took up graduate work at Harvard. He was teacher in the Boston Latin School, also master, and head of the English department. He retired from his position at the age of 70



School opened on September 9, this year, with a total enrolment of 1,357 pupils. *The Register* extends its welcome to the new-comers. By this time they have fallen in with the customs of the Latin School and have learned the few rules which are necessary in order to succeed in the work here.

\* \* \*

We shall miss the pleasant face of Miss Reynolds, who has left her position as secretary to Mr. Campbell, to enter the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph, at South Framingham. The friendly person on who is seen at her former desk is her successor, Mrs. Leave.

\* \* \*

Mr. Cleary and Mr. C. Fitzgerald have been made permanent Junior Masters this year. Another new permanent Master is Prof. R. B. Drumme, formerly of the faculty of St. Dunstan's College, at Charlottetown, P. E. I. He was also a teacher at Newman Academy, in New Jersey. In the list of Junior Assistants appears the name of Mr. George L. McKim. Some of us will remember him as having been a

temporary assistant two years ago.

\* \* \*

A thing long desired is now being accomplished; a Latin School Band is being organized. We hope that it will be the very best cadet band in the city, and that the blare of the Latin School's trumpets will mingle with the tooting of its clarinets, the shrilling of its fifes, the tapping of its drums, and the tramping of its feet for many long years to come.

\* \* \*

Glowing reports come from the football field where our stalwart heroes are sharpening their teeth for the bitter fight for the City Championship. We have a strong team this year, and we won't be a bit surprised to see a Latin School eleven the first at the finish in the long race for football supremacy.

\* \* \*

It will be noticed that there is a new department in this month's issue. The number of clubs has grown so greatly recently that it was deemed necessary to devote more space to them. Therefore the Club Notes will be a regular part of *The Register* hereafter.

It seems that our quest for contributions is never-ending. The Staff Detective is forever kept busy snooping around after more stories, poems, jokes, and cartoons. He is as yet unsatisfied; but it is in your power to make him throw up his arms and give up the ghost, or to so overwhelm him with contributions that he'll die of heart failure. We all fervently hope that you'll take the latter course and bring your contributions to the Sanctum on the third floor, near Room 300.

\* \* \*

We welcome back Mr. Levine, who has returned to the school after a year's leave of absence, which he has spent in study abroad. We are sure that his pupils will benefit greatly by the time he has spent in the French universities and in his travels.

\* \* \*

Read the advertisements in *The Register*, and this will lead you to patronize our advertisers. This will prove to be beneficial to all three parties concerned: —yourself, the advertisers, and *The Register*.

\* \* \*

At the first assembly of the Upper School, on Monday, September 22, we were pleased with the playing of Kogos at the piano. Mr. Campbell spoke of the danger of using translations (or "ponies"). A word to the wise is sufficient! Mr. Campbell also told of the misuse of the pupil's tickets, issued by the Boston Elevated Railway Co. Read and obey the rules printed on the applications for tickets and on the tickets themselves!

\* \* \*

Many of us have wondered why we have not seen Mr. McKay this year. He has been granted indefinite leave of absence by the School Committee on account of serious illness.

Students who include Latin in their school curriculum show superiority over non-Latin students in other subjects, it has been found by the American Classical League, which today made public the third instalment of its report based on an inquiry which was conducted over a period of several years.

The margin of superiority of the Latin group of students included in the survey as a whole is about 13 per cent., the league adds.

Of this superiority, nine-tenths is "due to something gained from the study of Latin itself," says the report. The additional percentage of superiority is attributed to a difference in natural ability.

"The facts given are not put forward as constituting technical proof or final demonstration of the effect of the study of Latin," asserts the league, "but we believe that, taken as a whole, these converging indications, combined with other evidence contained in this report, do go far to show that, aside from its direct and cultural values, Latin does something for those who study it which gives them in other fields of mental effort a margin of advantage that may fairly be called substantial.

"In fact, it looks as if the 'formal disciplinarians' of other days, even when wrong in their premises, were right in their conclusions as to the disciplinary values of Latin and Greek and as to the extent to which these values may help in the study of other subjects."

The study was based on records made by 10,000 students who took college entrance examinations before different college boards. Andrew F. West, dean of the graduate school at Princeton University and president of the American Classical League, made public the report.

—*Boston Traveler*.

About a month ago there was a seemingly foolish craze among the Seniors for rubbing their fountain pens on their coats. To the uninformed this certainly was an absurd action. But it was merely that they were testing out something that they had just learned in physics, i. e., that rubbing hard rubber with wool or similar substances makes the rubber capable of attracting and holding bits of paper.

\* \* \*

It is to be hoped that the Room Reporters this year, in addition to distributing the *Registers*, will live up to their titles and report happenings (both comical and serious) of the classroom and of the school in writing to L. H. Seiff, the editor of this department.

\* \* \*

Last year's Cartoon Prize was awarded to Mason T. Goodenough, and Paul G. Carney, author of *The Signet Rings*, was the Story Prize winner.

\* \* \*

Following is a list of the *Register's* room reporters for this year:—

*Room*      *Name*

100	—G. S. Abercrombie
101	—M. Zesserson
102	—E. E. Rogers
103	—J. D. Lawlor
104	—C. F. Vallender
106	—G. F. Frazier
108	—P. H. McCarthy
114	—B. Lowenberg
115	—B. R. Martinson
116	—A. S. Murphy
117	—L. G. Kerver
118	—L. Smith
200	—B. Blumberg
201	—J. Chagaris
202	—J. W. Walsh
203	—C. Dawn
204	—M. Ritvo
206	—G. B. Ray
207	—A. R. Rosenberg

In other high schools in and around Boston the English teachers often assign as a topic for a composition test any essay, article or story intended to be submitted to the school's magazine and suitable for that purpose. After the compositions have been corrected and the marks recorded, the teacher turns over the best manuscripts to the editor of the school paper as contributions. This greatly aids the paper without requiring extra effort from anyone, and also gives the contributions the advantage of having been corrected by an instructor in English. Could not the English masters in this school well consider adopting this plan?

\* \* \*

*The Register* is indebted to Mr. Jones for the Alumni Notes in this and in subsequent issues.

\* \* \*

<i>Room</i>	<i>Name</i>
208	—C. D. Peterson
209	—E. A. Harding
210	—J. Brennet
211	—S. Selesnick
212	—H. Robinson
214	—F. V. Nissen
215	—E. F. Travis
216	—G. Speck
217	—D. A. McDavitt
218	—J. Goldberg
300	—E. A. Michelman
301	—G. A. Chenoweth
302	—H. Simon
303	—E. J. Brown
304	—M. Schalk
306	—A. Stern
307	—J. Goldstein
311	—R. B. Rogers
316	—H. O. Robinson
317	—C. W. Bush
318	—J. Kenney

—L. H. Seiff

Scholarships have been recently awarded by Harvard University to John A. Nordberg '22 and John J. Stenberg '24.

\* \* \*

The Register hopes to have a "Humor Number" this year, since the initial one of last year was such a success. We consequently will welcome contributions of humorous articles, stories, and cartoons as well as jokes anytime between now and January 1. The earlier the contributions are submitted the better, as it is desired to have definite plans

for that issue as soon as possible.

\* \* \*

We are pleased to note that the winner of the State prize for the best essay on safety habits on the highways is Willard J. Shattuck, a member of the fifth class in the Boston Latin School.

\* \* \*

The school months' closings are given below for the convenience of the school:

October 24.	November 21.
December 23.	January 30.
March 6.	April 3.
May 8.	June 5.



Another year has rolled around again, and with it has come a new staff, all eager to keep up the good work of those before us and to make this year the best the "Register" has ever known. With the coming of this new term, the Exchange Column enters upon its third year. In 1922-23 Phillip Flynn began this column in fine fashion, but left school before the end of the year, causing a temporary suspension of Exchange activities. Last year Arnold Canner took up the work and had a most successful year, working up an excellent Exchange Department which it is now our task to continue, and if possible, improve.

#### AS WE SEE OTHERS

The *Bulletin*, Lawrence H. S.:—

Although your departments are well arranged, a few more stories would make your paper more interesting.

\* \* \*

The *Chandelier*, South Boston H. S.:—

Your last issue was all that could be desired. The joke column was especially

worthy of commendation.

\* \* \*

The *Optimist*, South Side H. S., Newark, N. J.:—

We can find nothing but the highest praise for your remarkable paper. Others may well profit by following your example of what a good magazine should be.

The *Grotonian*, Groton School, Mass.:—

A very neat magazine, well arranged and filled with interesting material. But why not have a few jokes?

"A little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the wisest men."

\* \* \*

The *Hill School Record*, Pottstown, Pa.:—

Your paper is one of our best exchanges. The book-review column is a commendable feature not found in many school magazines. Let us compliment you on the number and quality of your advertisements.

\* \* \*

The *Mirror*, Dedham H. S., Mass.:—

We can only praise your fine magazine. The "School Notes" are especially clever and have the additional merit of being original.

\* \* \*

The *Orient*, East Side H. S., Newark, N. J.:—

More stories and a joke department would improve your magazine. We are inclined to think that an overlapping cover on a magazine tends to give it a dilapidated appearance when handled much.

\* \* \*

The *Noddler*, East Boston H. S., Mass.:—

A welcome exchange and a fine one. Your literary department is very good. We enjoyed "The Unconquered" among other stories. But where is your joke column? We hope to see it in the next issue.

The *Student*, Freeport H. S., L. I.:—

Excellent! Your students certainly take an interest in their paper. You have an abundance of short stories and editorials, but we think that one or two longer stories would improve an otherwise excellent magazine.

\* \* \*

The *Tradesman*, H. S. of Commerce, Boston, Mass.:—

The great number of original stories contained in your magazine make it an interesting exchange. Your cartoons are among the best we have seen in a school paper.

\* \* \*

The *Blue and Gold*, Concordia Inst., Bronxville, N. Y.:—

A most orderly and interesting paper. You have a little bit of everything in your magazine. Come again!

\* \* \*

The *Shuttle*, H. S. Practical Arts, Boston, Mass.:—

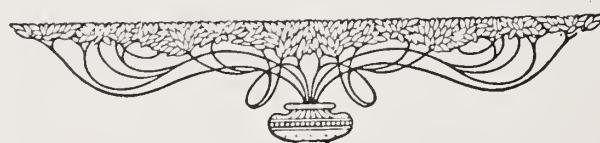
Every article in your paper is interesting from beginning to end. We like your editorials especially, and read "To A Butterfly" with interest.

\* \* \*

The *Observer*, Peabody H. S., Mass.:—

The many and excellent contributions from the student body to your paper make it very expressive of true school spirit. The "Chronicle" and "Class Notes" were well done.

—C. C. Corey.



## Exchange Jokes

Bill: "I ran into an old friend downtown today."

Phil: "Was he glad to see you?"

Bill: "You bet not. I smashed his whole right fender."

—*Senior Mirror*, Paterson, N. J.

\* \* \*

Sophomore: "What'll we do?"

Senior: "I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we go to a movie; if it's tails, we go to a dance, and if it stands on edge we'll study."

—*Chandelier*

\* \* \*

Mr. Strout: "Name a product of petroleum you use at home, Bates."

Voice (aside): "Slickum!"

—*Mirror*

\* \* \*

One: "Ever hear the story of the two men?"

Two: "No."

One: "He, he!"

—*Student*

\* \* \*

"The Mule, we find,  
Has two legs behind;  
Two legs we find before.  
We stand behind,  
Before we find,  
What the two behind be for."

—*Shuttle*

\* \* \*

Diner: "Are these eggs fresh?"

Waiter: "Don't know, sir, I've only been here three weeks."

—*Student*

\* \* \*

Steamboat Captain (who is overboard): "Don't stand there like a dumb bell! Give a yell, can't you?"

College Student Deckhand: "Certainly, sir. Rah Captain. Rah Jones. Rah, Rah, Captain Jones."

—*Mirror*

Two happy souls were wending their way homeward in their kingly flivver after a well spent evening.

"Bill," said Henry, "I wancha to be very careful, first thing you know you'll have us in the ditch."

"Me?" says Bill in astonishment.  
"Why I tho't you was drivin'?"

—*Tradesman*

\* \* \*

Husband (blustering and expostulating): "Where is my hat? I have been looking all over for it."

Wife: "It is hanging on the lamp-shade."

Husband: "I wonder what crazy place it will be next."

Wife (calmly): "On your head I suppose."

—*Tradesman*

\* \* \*

Mistress: "Liza, have you seen Miss May's fiance?"

Liza: "No, ma'am. She ain't put it in the wash yet."

—*Lawrence H. S. Bulletin*

\* \* \*

Any girl can be gay in a nice coupé  
In a taxi they can be jolly;  
But the girl worth while is the  
Girl that can smile,  
When you are taking her home in a  
trolley.

—*Tradesman*

\* \* \*

"I could live on limburger cheese alone."

"You'd have to."

—*Chandelier*

"Your daughter accepted my proposal of marriage. I want to know if there is any insanity in your family?"

"I never thought so, but there must be."

—*Mirror*

## News From the Clubs

### THE DEBATING CLUB

The first meeting of the Debating Club was held in Room 203 on Thursday, September 18. The club will again be under the able direction of Mr. Peirce, who carried it on so successfully last year. On account of the fact that the Glee Club first met on the same day, several prospective members of the Debating Club were not at the first meeting. It is expected that a successful year will follow. The following are the officers elected at the first meeting.

*President*—Harry G. Slater, 304  
*Vice-President*—David Sachs, 301  
*Recording Secretary*—Carl Seltzer, 304  
*Corresponding Secretary*—Harold A. Wolff, 304  
*Treasurer*—E. Fors, 301  
*Sergeant-at-Arms*—L. Goldenberg, 304

\* \* \*

### THE ORCHESTRA

The first real meeting of the orchestra was held Tuesday, September 16. A meeting had been held on the previous Friday, but the report had not been spread and few members appeared. Many of last year's musicians have returned. The orchestra is again under the leadership of Mr. Wagner, who produced the excellent orchestra of last year. We wish him the best of success with this year's organization. The orchestra meets every Tuesday and Friday, and prospective members should see Mr. Wagner on either of those days.

\* \* \*

It is earnestly requested of all clubs in the school that they appoint a "Publicity Man" whose duty shall be to give the *Register* a written report of its activities each month. All material should be given Hartnett of 304, on or before the 25th of the month.

### THE GLEE CLUB

To the surprise of all interested, only a few boys appeared at the opening meeting of the Glee Club. Of these a scant dozen were members of last year's club. We hold the opinion that there are still many members of last year's organization in the school, and we urge them to present themselves. The club last year did excellent work and performed on several school occasions.

It is to be hoped that more members will appear at the next meeting. Mr. Hamlin is with us again and he reports that a group of 200 boys reported at the English High School for the Glee Club. Of course the English High School is much larger than our school, but we feel that a club of from seventy-five to a hundred is not too many to expect.

Later reports indicate that this number will easily be reached.

\* \* \*

### THE DRAMATIC CLUB

On Tuesday, September 16, the Dramatic Club met for the first time this year. Mr. Russo is again the faculty adviser. The excellent production of last year was under his direction and all will agree that it was very successful. Of the members of last year's cast, Abramson, Cronin, Parks, Seiff, and Sutton are again with the club. Several others have already joined, and there are excellent prospects of another successful year.

The following officers were elected:

*President*—Robert D. Parks  
*Vice-President*—T. M. Minton  
*Secretary*—A. J. Abramson  
*Librarian*—Kelso Sutton  
*Business Manager*—L. F. Drinkwater

—J. E. H., Jr.

## Who Took the Paper?

Diamonds! What murderous plots and ideas have been hatched and unfolded for their sake? How many precious lives have been ruined for wealth untold? What numerous tales of woe may be told by these sparkling murderers?

\* \* \*

Mr. Dudley Saulls was a booming, sweeping type of man, such as we seldom meet in everyday life. This was the reason for his success. In earlier days at his preparatory school no man was more popular for his daring than Mr. Saulls.

Think of Mr. Saulls minus ninety percent and you have Mr. Norton Hands. He was a timid man. One could hardly call him cringing, for his wealth belstered his courage. Mr. Hands' specialty was "playing safe." He was noted for his marvellously accurate judgment.

Representatives of wealth and riches were gathered together in Mr. Saulls' office. The meeting was in order. Mr. Saulls arose. "Gentlemen, this deal which I am to speak to you about is illegal. Now how many will take the chance?" he asked with a sneer. One at a time with hurried explanations the members of the board of directors left. The timid Mr. Hands and the boisterous Mr. Saulls remained. Mr. Hands glanced at Mr. Saulls timidly and with a sorrowful attempt at a smile asked, "Well, Dud, what's the scheme?" Before answering, "Dud" felt called upon to vent his anger at the departed board. "The fools! I could have made a million for each and every one!"

"Nort," he continued, "I've got a deal that calls for nerve and wealth. Listen to me. I'm getting a shipment of diamonds from South Africa. There are nine hundred flawless, large diamonds

in that lot, the rest, twenty-five thousand imitations, aren't even worth a dollar. I propose to unload them all together at a thousand dollars each. If we unload the whole lot at the same time we stand to make a fortune. If we do not, we stand to lose. How about it?"

"The chances are small and the risks are great," interposed Mr. Hands.

"Nort, you're not afraid. I know you'll stick with me. Here is a paper that we both must sign. It is an agreement that we will unload the diamonds on the market. Also, we must work together. Moreover, remember, if this paper gets out, we are lost. Here is where you sign."

"Dud, it's too great a risk. Please give it up. Don't do it."

"Nort, if you're with me, all right. If not, I'll do it myself," boomed Mr. Saulls in anger.

"Well if you go into it, I do, too," agreed Mr. Hands in a bold tone.

"That's the way to talk!" exclaimed Mr. Saulls boisterously.

The deal was completed. Hands were clasped in a pact. Cigars were lighted.

"Gosh it's hot in here, Dud." R-r-r-i-n-g, Mr. Saulls rang the bell.

"Miss Grace," he ordered, as a trim secretary answered the ring, "turn on the fan."

Miss Grace passed some letters over to Mr. Saulls, then turning the fan on, was about to leave the office. Whir-r-r the fan was on. Papers were blowing. "Oh! Turn off the fan." But the damage was done. The precious paper had slipped through the doorway. The two men rushed out after it. Where was that slip of paper which meant so

much? Mr. Saulls glanced suspiciously about the office. There was Mr. Anderson, the trusted bookkeeper. There were Miss Grace and his own son, Rex Saulls. No one of them could have taken it. Still, it looked suspicious. Mr. Saulls in an angry voice said, "I want to see each one of you separately in my office." Wheeling about, he entered his office. Having interviewed each one, he was "stumped." Mr. Saulls chewing his cigar presented a striking contrast to Mr. Hands, sitting in the corner.

"For goodness' sake, brace up," cried Mr. Saulls angrily to his friend.

A few days elapsed, and Mr. Saulls began to take heart. The paper had probably blown into the street and had been trodden into the mud. But the deal must not go through until it was certain that the paper was lost.

Now the question was, how to find it? Mr. Saulls felt sure that one of his help had taken the paper, but which one of them? Neither Rex nor Mr. Anderson had seen the paper.

"I tell you, Nort, I'll find the thief and the paper, then there'll be trouble. The miserable thief," burst out Mr. Saulls in anger. It seemed amusing that Mr. Saulls who intended to "fool the public" should call anybody a thief.

The timid Mr. Hands now took up the case. "Listen, Dud, there is no use getting mad. Let's be calm and then we can solve it. We'll work by elimination. Miss Grace was in the office. That leaves Anderson and Rex. You trust both. Now I propose that we watch first Rex and then Anderson. The one that acts suspiciously will be condemned." This was quite a long speech for the usually timid and quiet Mr. Hands, but it is usually the timid people who in time of danger take hold and make good. So it was decided to watch Rex.

At six o'clock Rex Saulls left the office and, riding down Broadway, soon came to the National City Bank. He entered, and going to the vault, opened a safe deposit box. There he took out and examined numerous papers and jewelry. Mr. Saulls and Mr. Hands, watching, perceived that the paper was not there. At six-thirty he left the bank and started for home. At seven-thirty he left the house. Going eastward he soon entered the slums. Approaching a rickety building, Rex went up to a room. Mr. Saulls and Mr. Hands waiting impatiently at the bottom of the staircase soon saw a man descend and go out.

"That's Rex," cried Mr. Saulls. Rex was now attired in the filthiest of clothes. A heavy woolen cap was drawn down over his eyes. The two millionaires now trailed him to an unpopular building of the district. Going around to the window, they saw him sit down at a table with two other men. Rex talked for a few minutes, then took out a paper and leaning over the table passed it to his companions.

At that moment, Mr. Saulls could not restrain himself any longer. Breaking the glass window pane with a few thrusts of his cane, he crashed into the room. "Rex, come here," he commanded quietly but grimly.

"One moment, Father. Beat it, you two," he finished, turning toward his companions. Turning to the two intruders, he said, looking at his father, "Dad, I've got a confession to make. You know I've always been straight. Well, after a time I got so that I couldn't stand the strain of going to dinners and being a goody. I couldn't stand society. So I started making trips down here. Dad, I tell you I did it for the excitement. That paper will prove it." And taking the paper from the floor where

it had fallen, he handed it to his father, reluctantly. Mr. Saulls eagerly stretched his hand forward. Grasping the paper he read it hurriedly. Slowly his face paled. "Where is the other paper? This is only a confession of your guilt in promoting robberies. Where's the other paper?" He gesticulated wildly.

"What other paper?" asked Rex bewilderedly.

"Why, er—the paper that flew out of the office" he stammered.

"Sir, did you think I had taken that paper?" Rex Saulls gave his father a look of scorn and left.

"Saulls, I guess the boy didn't take it," interposed Mr. Hands.

By elimination, Mr. Anderson was left. That evening the two amateur detectives followed Mr. Anderson. At closing time Mr. Anderson went home to his wife and children. At seven-thirty they went to a moving picture house. At ten-thirty Mr. Anderson led his family home and went to visit a sick friend. Preparing to leave, Mr. Anderson, glancing around fearfully, shoved a paper bill into his sick friend's hands. Mr. Saulls now crashed into the room with his friend. Seizing the bill from the invalid, he found it was only a government paper bill. Seeing his mistake, Mr. Saulls turned to Anderson.

"My pardon, Anderson. You see, I was looking for the paper I lost in the office. You understand I had to crash in like this," explained Mr. Saulls. Adding a bill to the other one, he departed.

The next morning, Mr. Saulls entered his office with a heavy heart. Before, he had had the hope of finding the paper through his employees. Now

this hope was lost, too. For the first time in years he had no thought for business.

"Mr. Saulls," called Miss Grace, before entering. "I was cleaning your desk last night and I found this batch of papers. I thought that you might want to look through them." Mr. Saulls took up the papers. One after another he threw into the basket. Suddenly his eyes chanced to catch the heading on the paper before him. **WHAT WAS THIS?** There was the condemning paper before him.

"Miss Grace, how did this get here? I thought I lost that paper. Did you have it? Why didn't—?"

"One minute, sir, let me tell the story. The day you lost the paper I had come in a bit earlier to show you some statements. I had put them on top of this paper here. When the fan was turned on, it was the topmost statement which was lost, but you were so upset that I kept silent about it."

"Miss Grace, call up Mr. Hands to my office. Then send for Rex and Mr. Anderson."

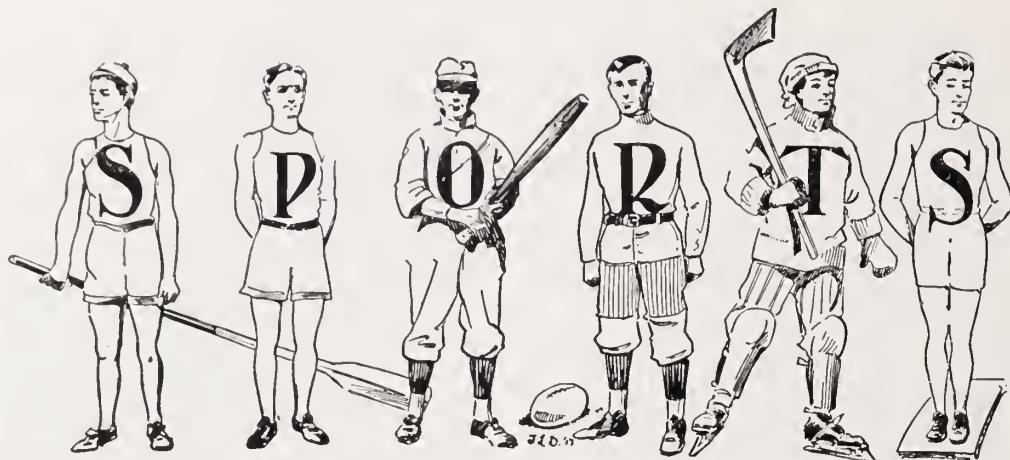
In a short time all were assembled in Mr. Saulls' office. Mr. Hands was told the story. "Well, Dud, let's tear that paper up. No more worry for me. I won't try to get rich quick again," said Mr. Norton Hands with a grin.

"As for you gentlemen," turning toward Rex and Mr. Anderson, "if a share in this concern will satisfy you, we shall be greatly pleased."

"Thank God, we are through with fraud," fervently cried Mr. Norton Hands and the subdued Mr. Dudley Saulls in unison.

—Maurice S. Levinson '27





## Football News

Following the custom of the past forty years, the first football meeting of the year was called to order by the coach during the first week of school, on September 11. A large number of boys attended, but there was not a veteran amongst them. However, there were plenty of fellows of good weight present, and Coach Fitzgerald expressed the hope that he would be able to make a team that would be up to the standards of the Latin School teams of the past, or even better. Now, after about two weeks of practice, the outlook for a good season is fine. We have a team averaging about 165 pounds and very fast for their weight. Added to this, Captain Gildea and "Toots" Sullivan, two of the best players on last year's team, have returned to school again and may be expected to give a good account of themselves this year. This gives both the line and the backfield a good man. Practice has shown that Gildea, Wilson, Owens, Martin, McLaughlin, Gastar, O'Leary, and Roche will make good ball carriers. Johnny Neale will do most of the signal calling and will be ably assisted in this by Tommy Minton. The center position will be well filled by Parks, with Hayes

pushing him for the assignment. "Toots" Sullivan and Williams, at left and right guard respectively, add a great deal of strength to that part of the line. "Gus" Herbert and Weinburg are doing fine work as tackles, but are being hard pressed for their places by Moore and Levin. Wells, the two MacDermotts, Donahue, O'Connell, and Scully are the leading candidates for ends. The team is well equipped with subs and, all in all, the team should win a good number of its games this season. The first test comes on the 27th of September, for which date Manager Sexton has arranged a game with Groton.

Now we can well see that the team itself is going to be a good one.

It is up to the boys in the school who are not on the squad to help the coach make it a winning organization, and the best way for them to do this is to attend the games. When you step on the field it's the greatest incentive in the world to know and to see that all the fellows are behind you. So let's see every fellow, that possibly can, attend every game and help give this mental aid to the team and thus create the proper spirit and atmosphere for victory.

## The Groton Game

The first game of the season opened with Groton kicking off to Latin School. Gildea received the kick-off, but was tackled before he could get started. Latin rushed the ball twice, and then Gildea punted off side on his own 40-yard line. A series of short runs and punts were then in order, with Groton having a slight edge in the kicking duel. The first penalty of the game then came when Gildea was tackled after signaling for a fair catch. This brought the ball into the center of the field. Latin lost the ball on Groton's 40-yard line, and on the next play Herbert broke through to throw McGehee for a loss of 10 yards. After a few rushes in midfield, Groton punted and downed the ball on Latin's five-yard line. Another penalty brought the ball out to the 20-yard line. Neale then kicked to his own 40-yard line. After one rush, McGehee kicked and Groton recovered the ball on Latin's 10-yard line. McGehee went off tackle for the first touchdown. Parks blocked Robinson's attempt to kick the goal.

At the next kick-off, both teams punted and the half ended with the ball in the center of the field. In the second half Weinberg kicked off to Groton. After three rushes Groton made the initial first down of the game. Another exchange of punts put Groton in a position to drop-kick. Stevens put the ball through the uprights on the first play for three more points. Groton next scored on a play by Stevens. He attempted a drop-kick but was blocked by our line, and the ball rolled behind the line. Faversham then grounded the ball and the referee ruled it a second touchdown for Groton. Stevens kicked the goal. Neale received the next kick-off but was downed on his own 30-yard line. Gildea then went off tackle for nine yards, Latin's best gain of the day. On the next play a fumble was recovered

by Faversham and he ran through a clear field for Groton's third touchdown. Stevens failed to kick the goal, and the final whistle blew immediately after the next kick-off.

The game was much closer than the score indicates. Groton got all the breaks. Not but what she deserved them, for her team played a fine heads-up game and it was as a result of these breaks rather than any flagrant weakness on the part of our team that she won. The Latin school players displayed a very strong defence and held their own in the running department. They showed plenty of courage, and after they play together for a while they should do some excellent work. Donaghy and Gildea excelled in the backfield. Donaghy, a newcomer in football, should have a fine season. Neale did a good job at quarter and got his kicks off well. Parks, Herbert, Weinberg, and Wells, in the line, frequently broke through to nail the opposing backs before they got started. Faversham, Stevens and McGehee featured for Groton.

### GROTON 22-- LATIN 0

West, Roosevelt, le	re, Wells				
Faversham, Willard, lt					
	rt, Herbert, Leven				
Hardig, Norris, lg					
	rg, Williams, Fisher, Sullivan				
Norton, c	c, Parks				
Parkinson, rg	lg, Fisher, Sullivan				
Robinson, rt	lt, Wineberg				
Hollister, re	le, O'Connell				
Clark, Tupper, qb	qb, Neal				
Devens, lhb	thb, Owen, Donoghue				
Satterlee, Belle, Weekes, rhb					
	lhb, Holzman, Hoey, Wines				
McGehee, Adams, fb	fb, Gilday				
<i>Score by periods.</i>					
1	2	3	4	Total	
Groton	0	6	3	13	22
Latin	0	0	0	0	0
				—	V. P. S.

## THE RIFLE TEAM

Here is a chance for the fellows that are not physically fit for the more rugged major sports to make their letter by joining the rifle team. It does not take up so much of your time as the other sports, only about an hour and a half of practice one day a week, and thus offers a splendid opportunity to take part in the Latin School's athletic activities. This especially pertains to the boys in the first class, who have not, as yet, made any strenuous attempt to further the school's interest in this line.

This year, owing to graduation, there are eight vacancies to be filled, only three veterans having remained from last year.

Beginning on the first Thursday in October and continuing on each Thursday thereafter, the range at Gainsborough Street will be open to anyone who wishes to avail himself of the opportunity from 2.00 P. M. to 4.30. Lieut. Lannon, a very fine shot himself, will be present during these hours to coach the fellows that try for the team.

So let's have as many boys as possible at the range to help make this year's team the best ever.

\* \* \*

Mother was entertaining a few friends, and young hopeful was being duly shown off, and resented it, as all young hopefuls do.

"Who do you like best?" asked one friend.

"Mother," was the reply.

"Who next?" asked another.

"Little sister."

"Who next?"

"Aunt."

Father, who was seated at the back, opened his mouth and said: "And when do I come in?"

"At 2 o'clock in the morning," was the reply.—*Atlanta Journal*.

## TENNIS

Last year, Latin School had one of the finest tennis teams that it has ever had. It won a large number of matches with outside schools and every match with the teams in the city league, and consequently the city championship. This year the team has lost Markwett and Bayard by graduation and Thurber has failed to return to school. Mr. Rice, our faculty manager, has only three veterans back in school: Woodbury, a young player of much promise, Flanagan, and Stott. However, with sixty players entered in the fall tournament he is sure to find some good material, and with these new boys and last year's veterans we hope that he will be able to build up a team as fine as last year's.

Woodbury, mentioned before, and Winer of 303 did some fine work last summer in the tournament conducted by the Park Department. The former took first prize in the boys' singles and doubles and the latter won the junior singles and took second in the junior doubles. Much is expected of both this year.

\* \* \*

Employer: "Do you believe in love at first sight, Miss Vamper?"

Stenographer: "Well I think it saves a lot of time."—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

\* \* \*

A teacher asked her class to write a sentence that meant the same thing as, "A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse."

Some answers were good and some were bad, but she nearly fainted when she read this one:

"The closing of the right optic is as sufficient as a rapid inclination of the cranium to a sightless quadruped."

—*Boston Post*.



### WHAT'S EDUCATION?

The basis, the bulwark, the epitome of modern civilization is education. Yet, when you get down to actual cases and look back at the school stuff from a perspective of twenty years or so, what does it amount to but this:

*Latin*—All Gaul is divided into three parts: amo, amas, amat.

*Greek*—On that day Xenophon marched twenty-eight parasangs; ho sophos anthropos.

*Algebra*—What does X equal?

*Geometry*—The square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal to the sum of the difference of the opposite sides or something like that.

*Arithmetic*—A jeweler sold a watch for \$20, making twenty-five per cent. profit. What did the watch cost him? Answer on page 234.

*History*—“Give me Liberty or give me Death!” Patrick Henry. Sir Walter Raleigh brought the first tobacco into England.

*English*—Scott was born in 1632, or was it 1734?

*German*—*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten; Oh, Tannenbaum Oh Tannenbaum, wie treu sind deiner blatter.*

*French*—*Je t'adore.* (Shut the door.)

*Geography*—Tropic of Cancer, Capricorn, et al. The capital of Florida is Tallahassee.

*Physiology*—Tobacco weakens the heart. Capillary veins, aorta, floating ribs.

*Music*—Nothing.

*Drawing*—Ditto.

*Manual Training*—Ditto.

—*Life.*

“Surely I have met you before.”

Second Man:—“When?”

“Didn’t we meet in Manchester?”

“Never been there.”

“Funny, neither have I. Must have been two other men.”

—*Boston Post.*

\* \* \*

Real American celebrities—Baseball players, prize fighters, politicians, multi-millionaires, murderers, any man with whiskers.

—*Musical Courier*

\* \* \*

The Colonel had only two types of stories, one concerning his amorous adventures, the other his adventures while tiger shooting.

It was guest night in the mess, and the colonel, as was his wont, began to tell an exciting story of an encounter with a wounded tigress which sprang at him before he could re-load and bore him to the ground. At the critical moment an orderly entered to report that the G. O. C. wished to speak to the Colonel on the telephone, and the Colonel was compelled to break off abruptly.

He was absent for ten minutes, and on his return had forgotten which of his favorite stories he had been telling.

“What happened, Colonel?” asked one of the guests. “You were telling us of your dangerous situation.”

“Oh, I kissed her,” responded the Colonel airily. “She simply couldn’t resist me, and we dined together that evening. Her husband never knew.”

—*Sporting and Dramatic News (London)*

## A TOUCHING TALE

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

One touch of humor makes the whole world grin,

One touch of pathos makes the whole world one,

One "touch" for money makes the whole world run.

\* \* \*

"What is it, children," asked the teacher, "that according to an old saying, comes in like a lamb and goes out like a lion?"

Little Agnes replies, from the front seat:

"The landlord, when the rent is due and he doesn't get it." —*Exchange.*

\* \* \*

"Uncle Tom," said the young nephew to an old bachelor, "tell me about some of the narrow escapes you've had from the women."

"Boy," was the response, "if there was any narrow escapes, the women had 'em!" —*Farm and Fireside.*

\* \* \*

Two colored men were standing on the corner discussing family trees.

"Yes, suh, man," said Ambrose, "I can trace my relations back to a family tree."

"Chase 'em back to a family tree," said Mose.

"Naw, man, trace 'em, trace 'em—get me?"

"Well, they ain't but two kinds of things dat live in trees. Birds and monkeys, and you sho' ain't got no feathers on you." —*Judge.*

\* \* \*

"Come, come, my man," adjured the floorwalker. "You have been looking around a long time without buying. What do you want?"

"I'm thinking I want another floorwalker. I'm the owner of this store."

## A HAPPY THOUGHT

A gambler borrowed a sum of money from a money lender, and, the note falling due, he called upon the broker and told him he could not pay at that time. The money lender became greatly excited. "I want the money. It is due. You must pay it." The gambler pulled his pistol out, pointed it at the head of the money lender and said, "Eat that note or I will blow the top of your head off." The money lender looked at the pistol, then at the note, and decided that it would be wise to eat the note, which he did. A few days after the gambler called and paid the value of note, much to the delight of the money lender, who said, "My friend, you are a good man, and when you need any more money come in and I will let you have it." Some time later the gambler applied for another loan, which the money lender was very willing to advance. The gambler sat down to write out a note, when the money lender called out: "Wait a minute, my friend. Would you mind writing out that note on a soda cracker?"

\* \* \*

The usual crowd of small boys was gathered about the entrance of a circus tent, jostling and trying to get a view of the interior. A man standing near, watched them for a few moments; then walking up to the ticket-taker, he said with an air of authority:

"Let all these boys in, and count them as they pass."

The gateman did as requested, and when the last one had gone in, he turned and said:

"Twenty-eight, sir!"

"Good!" said the man, smiling as he walked away. "I thought I guessed right!" —*Exchange*

—A. R. R.



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